The COMMONWEAL

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Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

For French Children and Prisoners

ACCORDING to the press announcement of the Secretary of State, our government is reviewing with the British and French governments the possibility of sending food and clothing through the blockade for children in France and French prisoners of war in Germany. The matter was opened on the plea of the French ambassador, which echoed the fear now openly expressed in some quarters that the French race actually faces extermination. Mr. Henry-Haye points out the abnormally high death rate among children—in Paris the increase is 45 percent—and the danger of a further rise as winter sets in. His words receive independent re-enforcement from Dr. Bessie Strongman, who has just spent two years with a Quaker medical mission in France. She found French infants habitually seriously underweight at birth, and steadily observed the signs of malnutrition developing as the children grew. (She also testifies to the grisly fact that household pets are eaten in Marseilles, and repeats accounts reaching her from Brussels of rats being sold there for food.) As regards the nearly a million and a half French prisoners in Germany, the ambassador gives their monthly meat ration as two pounds apiece, and states that the captors refuse to feed them more on the grounds that they cannot get food through the blockade. Most of these men, further, are still in the clothes in which they were captured. His request covers the purchase here and in South America, with French funds now blocked by the Treasury, of additional food to raise the monthly ration to three pounds, and of socks and sweaters for at least a fraction of the group. The International Red Cross would be asked to supervise and distribute the supplies for the prisoners. Mr. Henry-Haye indicates that in letting such supplies through the Brtitish would not be breaking a rule, since supplies go through for their own imprisoned compatriots, whose rations are "many times" those of the French. Every decent person must wish to see these negotiations favorably concluded. Meanwhile, can we not spare a thought for the time to come when the whole food situation of the Second World War will be something we shall try to forget, and those who succeed us may refuse to believe?

Clipper Trip

AMBASSADOR SABURU KURUSU'S long trip east at least cannot have been dull, even if engine trouble kept him "resting" at Midway. First Mr. Churchill gave him the benefit of some strong language, and then (just as strong, if not so eloquent) Mr. Knox gave him a piece of his mind. All this mental nourishment must have seemed a trifle indigestible, if Mr. Kurusu truly lives in any hope of effecting a settlement of the matters at issue between his nation and our own. It seems hard to believe, however, that he really entertains any such hope. The official Japanese line is that "East Asia" shall be cleared of all English and American influence and shall be under the dominance of Japan. We insist upon an open door for trading and (perhaps only to insure that much) on an independent China.

In strict justice it must be granted that the greatest part of our interest in the Far East is economic; at best, we need the products of those lands and we want to be able to trade for them on some sort of an open market. At worst, Americans don't object too strenuously to exploiting the East's cheap labor. But Japan's purpose is even more concentratedly predatory. It wants the whole show, it wants a "co-prosperity sphere," which presumably means a lot of prosperity for Japan and precious little for her "partners." It wants these things so badly that it is willing to forget morality in order to gain them. Obviously the crisis arises from an acute conflict of economic interest; the difference is, in plain language, very largely one of degree, not of kind. To resolve the crisis means that someone has to back down, one or both nations have to eat humble pie, and most nations don't do that unless they are forced to.

What sort of pie should we in justice eat? Certainly we can find no excuse for our attitude toward Oriental immigration. There is one nasty morsel for us to swallow. And equally certainly we cannot insist on having freedom to exploit Far Eastern peoples—the "we" in this case including not principally the US, but England, and the Netherlands Indies government as well. One small drop of mildly bitter medicine we have

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already swallowed: our permanent claims to Chinese extraterritoriality. The Japanese pie is bigger, and nastier. It likewise includes giving up the freedom to exploit non-Japanese. But, most important, it includes giving up the idea of owning (directly or indirectly) China—and that means admitting military defeat as well as moral turpitude.

Once again rumors float about that Japan's economic condition is desperate—that Kurusu's instructions are to do everything to get American economic friendship. That, certainly, if it were true, would offer a ray of hope. But is it true? And how far will a proud country go to gain economic relief? Very likely such talk must be greatly discounted anyway. The Japanese have for centuries been living on a mighty slim diet.

Of course, even supposing the crisis is not solved—that does not inevitably mean war. It is a pretty safe bet that the US will not start (however much we may provoke) a war in the Pacific: the Japanese would have to do it, and they may prefer to let the "crisis" continue—perhaps for months, perhaps for years. Given the present fruit of events and greed, that is perhaps the best outcome we can realistically look for. A Pacific War is logical, but it is still absurd.

The CIO and the State

THE BREAK-AWAY of the CIO men from the National Defense Mediation Board brought to a climax the dispute revolving around the captive coal mines. When this was written, the United Mine Workers had not announced their intentions, so that one could only speculate on the probable action of John L. Lewis and the miners and on the reaction of the government.

The Mediation Board decision which caused the break barred the institution of a closed shop in the steel companies' soft coal mines. It protected the steel companies from the otherwise industry-wide, uniform, union shop contract governing the whole coal industry. Most of the papers took the union, or closed shop issue to be the basic one, and, of course, they were against the unions. The closed shop issue is a complicated one because, as Pegler so eloquently points out, it embraces also the issue of freedom of the individual workers, and there are different kinds of closed shop. Nevertheless, with safeguards which could readily be worked out, a labor contract assuring something between a union maintenance and a closed shop constitutes a progressive development in the potential emancipation of workers. It is estimated that about 3,000,000 out of the 10,000,000 organized union members in the country already have a closed shop (most of them AFL members). Ninety percent of the coal miners have it. It is perfectly normal that the unions should do their best to close in on the final ten percent. It is unusual and hard on labor now to have the federal government so directly concerned in the contest between companies and union and in so great a rush to have it settled. The minority report observed: "Such a decision as an expression of national policy endangers all labor unions and threatens to rip asunder peaceful industrial relations established in other industries where a union shop relationship has already been established."

It is the war crisis which makes the problem unusual and tense. A government at war organizes industrial relations on a close-knit, over-all basis aimed at production before all else. To the extent that the war is chosen, a war economy is chosen also, and in a present-day war effort the social interests involved in waging the war are directed in unitary fashion by the organizing government. The government gets increasingly tough as the war effort gets nearer to total. Social forces are centralized in the state; they tend most strongly to be merged in the government.

The CIO has a shifting history of relationship to the government. It shows a pragmatic sense and a policy of opportunism more than any considered principles about the relationship of labor unions to the state. At first it broke dramatically from the old AFL, Gompers tradition of staying outside government and political parties and rewarding friends and disciplining foes. During the earlier periods of the New Deal the CIO was very close indeed to inside the government. Early in the war period, the "Murray Plan" of industrial councils envisaged an integration of union efforts with government (and employer) action, and was still on the road to a merger of union and government administration. But now John L. Lewis has precipitated as sharp a break as possible with that tendency. At this writing the CIO stands angrily apart from the government. It constitutes a powerful independent social force, distinct from the absorbing central government.

We hope the identity and social power of the CIO will not be broken down. The absorption of the functions and power of the unions in the central government is a totalitarian development which ought to be avoided. The public in general and the CIO in particular should try to derive lessons from the present impasse: about war and war economies; about union organization and the closed shop, whose proper establishment requires internal changes in the unions themselves and changes in the relationship of unions to employers and public authority; about the implications of increasingly unitary and centralized government. The CIO could find no better time to adopt consistent principles securing its autonomous rôle as a pluralistic force during a time when the tide runs toward totalitarianism. Its rôle could be a great one.

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The Goebbels Article

MUCH American comment on the recent magazine article by Propaganda Minister Goebbels warning the German people on the hard war prospects has seized upon it as a symptom that the nazis are no longer optimistic about the outcome of the war. Then much has been said about the frankness with which Goebbels dismisses Hitler's earlier territorial rectification proposals with the bland assertion that Germany would have had to fight in a few years anyway. What interests us most in this skilful article is the prospect of doom held out to the German people in the event of their defeat. Goebbels addresses them: "You are all involved in this struggle whether you want to be or not. Having thus begun to march, we must march on. . . ." Having cleverly identified completely the responsibility of the nazi leaders and the German people for their numberless crimes—their broken promises, unprovoked attacks on peaceful neighbors, despoilment of conquered peoples, persecution of religion, hatreds, murders, ruthless conquests—he goes on to identify the fates of party and people in victory and defeat. Most important of all, he cites several actual and fictitious proposals for the obliteration of Germany and the Germans in the case of eventual defeat. "They may differ in their opinions of what is the best and most efficient method of destroying the Reich and her allies. . . . But they are at one in this: in a steadfast will and resolution that if they succeed in overcoming us Germany will be destroyed, exterminated and extinguished. We cannot expect even a Versailles that would give us the slightest possibility of national rebirth. . . . the cares and burdens that must be laid on all our shoulders in this war would pale before the inferno that awaits us should we lose the war." All this points to a vital element of strategy to add to the essential of a real program for the peace. If the hope of victory over the nazis lies primarily in German internal collapse, military pressure must ever be accompanied by a skillful campaign to drive a wedge between the nazi leaders and the German people. Not only must the Goebbels's be given no opportunity to cite plans for German extinction, but the positive advantages of making peace must be hammered home to the German people. They must be persuaded —as in the last war with the fourteen points—that a truce, then peace, does not mean for them a worse inferno than that in which they now find themselves. Otherwise they may well fight on until utter chaos descends upon the world.

Dana Skinner

RICHARD DANA SKINNER died suddenly on November sixth. He was forty-eight years old. A member of the group which, with Michael Williams, founded THE COMMONWEAL, for ten years he was dramatic critic for this magazine. In this issue, in the column which so long was his, Grenville Vernon writes of his work as critic. That work was important because it was related to the main purpose of his life.

The essential values in a man's life cannot be measured by human eyes. A man's mind is what we know on earth and the quality of a man's thought transmitting, sometimes, and, in those brief flashes of which Rimbaud wrote, illuminated by inner, secret and immeasurable faith. The charity in a man's soul we cannot assay; the charity in a man's thought is what we can know and remember. Beyond us and outside time is truth. What we can say of a man is that the ordering of his mind was aimed unswervingly toward an approach to truth and that his thought gave evidence that absolute and unfathomable truth exists. Unmistakably Dana Skinner's thought was at the service of that truth and order which it is man's mission to approximate, man's privilege as free creator to inaugurate and embody on earth.

In so many ways was this central determination of his evident. He was a financial expert and his relationship with finance was typical. Here was disorder, here were evil causes bringing evil results—too often because men could not see their way through the dark forest of facts. Here Dana Skinner's thought—on the duties inseparable from ownership, on the evils inseparable from irresponsible and absentee ownership—clarified vast regions of automatic conduct and technique. But he was never satisfied with seeing and explaining; a diagnosis, no matter how brilliant, was not enough: his mind, intent on justice, always proposed action toward justice.

His was no irresponsible culture. A very deep knowledge of Europe, acquired through travel, study and, incidentally, through the years spent serving his country as an officer in the AEF, gave him insight into the painting, the poetry, the history, the economics, the philosophical schools of many countries. But, more than knowledge, it gave him something profoundly living and compelling: it gave him a sense of fraternal responsibility for the life of men in all parts of the world—a certainty that there can be no action anywhere without repercussion in the lives of men everywhere. He was a Catholic humanist.

Dana Skinner did not seek rest from anxiety nor repose in friendship: his friends—and they were many—seemed to exist only so that he might serve them, urging them to their own accomplishment, compelling them toward free acceptance of their duty, furnishing them through imaginative and creative effort with road map and compass for the journey he insisted they must make toward truth. We, at THE COMMONWEAL, remember him thus and he lives in our memory.

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Children's Books, 1941

I DO NOT pretend to have seen every children's book published so far this year — that would be an impossible pretension. Nor have I read, word for word, every book seen — that would have been needless.

Yet I have looked at hundreds and read many scores of them—especially those intended for younger children. These seem to me by and large the most important, for the very young offer a far more special problem than those who have already traveled a good distance on the road to adulthood. It is still my conviction that for these latter youngsters the best reading is the classics and semi-classics of our literature. This, of course, apart from works of instruction, like biographies and histories. I still view "junior novels" with deep suspicion. One thing is certain: the tendency toward full-length biography for adolescents is ever stronger, and for that, cheers. This year there are more than a score such books, and by and large they are excellent. . . . Another very healthy tendency newly in evidence this year is that of admitting a place to religion in life. In other years I have noted that stories set in Catholic lands will time and again completely ignore the religious side of life in such lands—and the same has been true of tales with Protestant settings as well. For religion one had more or less to turn to specifically "religious" books, very few of which had real quality. This year the situation has changed. Little Spanish boys sing in choirs; little French Canadians girls go to church; little Mexicans pray to Saint Francis. And books with specifically religious themes are of a higher order. . . .

So I plunge into my lists, classified as best I can, with apologies for omission and thanks to many devoted authors and illustrators and publishers who have given me—and I hope will give many others, grownup and young—much pleasure.

Ten of the Best

THE FERRYMAN. Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward. $1.50. A "Celtic story" in which the ferryman outwits the devil three strikes and out. Excellent.

THE LONG CHRISTMAS. Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Valenti Angelo. Viking. $2.50. Thirteen stories for the Christmas season, most of them intensely Christian in feeling, and all beautifully told. The last story, involving a King's desecration of the Mass, will shock some readers, and will be severely criticized by many Catholics, yet it teaches a proper lesson.

LAMBERT'S BARGAIN. Clare Turlay Newberry. Harper. $1.00. As for me, this is tops. For all ages. The greatest cat artist of them all shows that she is no specialist—God bless her! The story involves a laughing hyena. Say no more. It knows when not to laugh. And the rest of us can have no such discretion.

DEFENDING AMERICA. Creighton Peet. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Harper. $1.50. All branches of the army and navy. Kredel's pictures are magnificent. An up-to-date summary of what America has to fight with.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Arensa Sondergaard. Illustrated by Cornelis. Random. $1.00. A very simple telling of the story from Columbus to now, avoiding controversial issues with reasonable skill, and finely illustrated. A swell value.

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING. Julie Bedier. Illustrated by Louise Trevisan. Longmans. $1.00. A Maryknoller tells a tale of the missions for very young readers, and tells it with sympathy, charity and easy style (the pix also are good). Such productions are more often on the wet side; this one is a glorious exception.

EDGAR THE RUNAWAY ELEPHANT. Julia and Graham Wahn. Scott. $2.00. "The book with the holes right through the pages." An excellent novelty item, with the little elephant escaping right through the pages.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE. H. A. Rey. Greystone. $2.00. One of the most welcome offerings of the year, if not quite up to Boutet de Montvel. Each song is done in a nice colored drawing, with the melody line to sing by, and then a regular score with accompaniment and two extra stanzas. Includes (apart from the title-tune) Nous n'irons plus au Bois, Frère Jacques, Le bon roi Dagobert, Malbrough, J'ai du bon tabac. Il pleut, il pleut, bergère, Savez-vous planter les choux? Sur le Pont d'Avignon, Il était un petit navire.

THE RED HAT. Covelle Newcomb. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. Longmans. $2.00. To write a children's life of Cardinal Newman is a task I would envy no one, for his life was filled with controversy of a sort which can only be handled with the greatest tact and discretion. Miss Newcomb has done an amazing job. The result is readable, truthful, and could be offensive only to bigots—no mean achievement. One of the best juvenile biographies I ever read.

SAINTS IN THE SKY. Mary Fabyan Windeatt. Illustrated by Helen Louise Beccard. Sheed and Ward. $1.25. Saint Catherine of Siena for children. A complex story is simply told, knotty matters nicely dealt with. The pictures are far from being up to the text.

Picture Books

Saturday Walk. Ethel Wright. Illustrated by Richard Rose. Scott. $1.00. A picture book with trains, steam shovels, buses, boats, fire engines, airplanes.

Bumble Bugs and Elephants. M. W. Brown. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Scott. $1.00. A "big and little book"—big and little animals in big pictures for little children.

Four Airplanes. Dorothy W. Baruch. Illustrated by Lee Maril. Holiday. $1.00. Four airplanes go on a flight and fly over a great host of familiar things, each illustrated. Essentially a picture book for very small children to look at and crow over.

Cloth Book No. 5. Leonard Weisgard. Holiday House. $1.00. The Holiday House Cloth Books are easily the best of their kind. They are printed on good heavy muslin and consist of a series of simple pictures of people, animals and objects the very young are likely to get joy in recognizing. This one is fine for country or suburban children — it has a slight flavor of rural life.

Loopy. Hardie Gramatky. Putnam. $1.75. A "Hedgehopper," subject to a life of much abuse by learners and showoffs, finally learns how to manage itself (should I say "himself"?) alone and becomes a skywriter, "the most famous of them all." The author specializes in investing machines with life.

Puff Puff and Toot. Bow Wow and Meow. Gabriel. $1.25 each. Two wash fabric books for youngest readers. The first has to do with trains and the like, the second with a cat and a dog and various other beasts and birds. The pictures are large and colorful; of course there is no text.

Animal Friends Library. Lucile Patterson Marsh. Gabriel. $.60. Eight linenette books in a box: garden, meadow, farm, zoo,

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forest, furry, home and field friends. The pictures are the thing.

Snow before Christmas. Tasoa Tudor. Oxford. $1.00. Nice, tidy colored pictures reminiscent of the Peter Rabbit books long loved.

Round the Mulberry Bush. Miss Elliot. Harper. $1.50. The weekly round of household goings on with very fine pictures.

Animal Stories

Nothing at All. Wanda Gág. Coward-McCann. $1.50. A fantasy in the best Gág manner. Heartily recommended. (Philosophically, Miss G. seems to believe that being comes out of non-being as a result of motion, or a very primitive form of becoming.)

Find the Animals. Dorothy N. King. Illustrated by Joseph Sica. Harcourt. $1.50. A toy-book. First you meet the animals. They escape from their cages. Then you have empty cages, and cut-out animals to put in them. An engaging novelty.

Smoozie. Alma Savage. Illustrated by Charles Keller. Sheed. $1.50. The story of an Alaskan reindeer fawn and the experiences that befell him both as a tame fawn and as a wild during the months when he was growing up. Unusually detailed and authentic, though the notion that reindeer conceive it their duty to supply men with themselves for meat seems a little wild. Excellent natural history, in general. Recommended.

The Little Dog that Would Not Wag His Tail. The Little Kitten That Would Not Wash Its Face. Edna Groff Deihl. Illustrated by Roberta Paflin. Gabriel. $.60 each. Two entirely new editions of very simple little tales for very small children.

Pantaloons. Osa Johnson. Illustrated by Arthur August Jansson. Random. $1.50. Both author and illustrator have studied elephants in the African wilds, so this story of a young member of the tribe should be fairly authentic. In any case it is well told, and the pictures are vivid.

Rory O'Mory. Maurice N. O'Brien. Illustrated by Richard MacGraw. Longmans. $1.50. A super-size fox comes to the aid of his kindred and turns the fox-hunting tables by chasing the M. F. H. A good book for Virginia and small sections of New Jersey and Long Island.

Stormy. Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Oxford. $2.00. The author imagines the life of the first colt born in North America—to parents abandoned by their Spanish masters. The locale is the Southwest. A tale of adaptation.

Kodru, the Monkey. E. Cadwallader Smith. Illustrated by Anne Vaughan. Knopf. $2.00. The technique is to have a monkey tell his life story somewhat as though he was a distinguished zoologist writing for his own children. The locale is Africa. The animal law that might makes right is amply emphasized.

The Ant and the Grasshopper Sail Away. Elsie Bindrum. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $1.00. A boat made of a wooden slat, a lollypop stick and a paper sail is set adrift with a red ant as crew by a small boy in the country. A grasshopper joins the expedition, and in due course all arrive at the city, which so perturbs both creatures that they go home as quickly as possible. Unnatural history for the very young, with a sound enough moral.

The Tale of the Bullfrog. Henry B. Kane. Photographs. Knopf. $1.25. The author and photographer of last year's "Tale of the Whitefoot Mouse" does an equally successful and beautiful job on the life of the frog.

Rolf. Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. Harcourt. $1.75. This team has long specialized on writing dog books, especially work-dog books. They succeed very well in conveying the characteristics of a breed, and their illustrations are excellent.

Whiskers. Joel Stolper. Harcourt. $1.50. A wild African leopard. A life-history type of book, with plenty of narrow escapes.

Thomas Jones and His Nine Lives. Lawrence E. Watkin. Illustrated by Janice Holland. Harcourt. $1.50. A large black cat in a middle-class surburban family loses eight of his nine lives in exciting fashion. The pictures are particularly good.

The House in the Hoo. Esther Wood . Illustrated by Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $1.50. A chipmunk family, with lovely drawings.

Peggy and the Pup. Helen Sewell. Oxford. $1.25. The pup has puppies, which serve as good reindeer for Peggy to play Santa Claus with.

Baby Animals. Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Mary Cameron. Random. $.50. A day in the lives of animals and children on a farm.

The Life of Donald Duck. Walt Disney. Random. $1.00. Gay and pleasant. "This is my only authorized biography."

Bambi. Walt Disney. S. & S. $1.00. Based on the Felix Salten novel. Four detachable full page pictures at the front, "suitable for framing."

Chubby Bear. Emily Barto. Longmans. $.75. A little bear gets into trouble with honey and wild bees and with preserved peaches slightly fermented. His mother finally follows suit, so it is all right. Story told in verse, and all quite charming.

Animals for Me. Lois Lenski. Oxford. $.75. Miss Lenski has her special talent and her followers. A very simple thing, this time, with all the simple animals: cat, dog, cow, chicken, turkey, rabbit, frog, toad, etc. Simple drawings and text, too, for any child who knows animals.

The Blind Colt. Glen Rounds. Holiday. $2.00. A blue-gray mustang colt is born blind, yet with this score against him, he turns into a fine horse. A good story and a good moral.

Dexter. Stanley H. Silverman. Illustrated by George Daly. S. & S. $1.50. Dexter is a dragon who *likes* other animals, and doesn't want to frighten them or hurt them. He finally succeeds in winning their confidence.

Animal Travels. Bertha Morris Parker and Thomas Park. Illustrated by Olive Earle. Harper. $1.00. The subject of migration done up brown—and I mean brown—for young readers. Older ones could read it too and get something out of it.

Make Way for Ducklings. Robert McCloskey. Viking. $2.00. A family of Mallards settle down in Boston (of all places—but maybe not so inappropriate) and make friends with a cop.

Two-Spot. Harry C. Rubicam, Jr. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. Knopf. $1.75. The story of a large and mischievous dog on a ranch—for almost teen boys and girls.

Freddy and the Ignormus. Walter R. Brooks. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Knopf. $2.00. A new item in the Bean Farm animal stories. Less natural history than fable—one of the kind where the animals are quite a lot nicer than people anyway. For older young ones.

The Colt from Moon Mountain. Dorothy P. Lathrop. Macmillan. $1.50. Miss Lathrop once again demonstrates her high talent in this story about a white unicorn.

High Courage. C. W. Anderson. Macmillan. $1.75. A brilliant horse-artist produces another story.

Curious George. H. A. Rey. Houghton. $1.75. All about a monkey.

Calico the Wonder Horse. Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton. $1.00. A story in comic strip form.

Stories for the Young

A Boy Named John. John Cournos. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. Scribner. $1.75. This is an autobiography of a childhood—up to the author's first regular job as office boy on a newspaper. It is, in a sense, a success story, yet it is told with so much simplicity and grace that it has none of the unhappy earmarks of that *genre*. The boy involved is a Russian immigrant, and much of his story makes salutary reading for all of us in these days, if only because we learn again that foreigners are human. Strongly recommended for boys and girls, eight up.

Munro Leaf's Fun Book. Stokes. $1.50. Grammar Can Be Fun, Safety Can Be Fun, Manners Can Be Fun—all three gathered into one volume. The object, of course, is improve-

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ment through ridicule, and very successful does Mr. Leaf seem to be. If you have problems in any of these directions, here's your medicine.

Wakey Goes to Bed. Mary Ellen Vorse. Illustrated by Inez Hogan. Scott. $1.00. A childhood fault—never wanting to go to bed—made the basis of a laughable curative tale.

Pedro of Santa Fe. Frances Cavanah. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. McKay. $1.00. New Mexico local color, with very pleasant illustrations.

Louis of New Orleans. Frances Cavanah. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. McKay. $1.00.

Wilhelmina. Janet P. Johl. Illustrated by Rosalie L. Lane. Greystone. $1.50. Seven edifying stories about a little Dutch girl, told with charm and a great deal of honest moral purpose. Author and illustrator are Dutch, and there is a genuinely Dutch feeling in what they have done.

Kamanda. Attilio Gatti. McBride. $2.00. The life of an African boy illustrated with photographs by a well-known explorer.

The Spear of Ulysses. Alison Baigrie Alessios. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Longmans. $1.75. Two modern Greek boys on the island of Ithaca. Intended to make young Americans acquainted with the customs of a brave people.

Juan. Isabel de Palencia. Illustrated by Ceferino Palencia Tubau. Longmans. $1.75. The son of a Mediterranean fisherman has many adventures and grows up. Spanish local color well done.

Suzette's Family. Harriet Evatt. Bobbs. $1.50. Mrs. Evatt has been a constant visitor to the Island of Orleans (Quebec), the scene of this story for 8-12 girls. Much of it is authentic, though she mixes old and new in a strange manner, and has her French Canadians conversing with English-speaking people without any language difficulties—which is quite a feat.

Panchita. Delia Goetz. Illustrated by Charlotte Anna Chase. Harcourt. $2.00. A little Guatemalan girl.

Happy Times in Finland. Libushka Bartusek. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Knopf. $2.00. Along the same lines as "Happy Times in Czechoslovakia" of last year, and excellent.

Pegeen. Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $2.00. Another Irish story from a much-loved author.

Iceblink. Rutherford Montgomery. Illustrated by Rudolf Freund. Holt. $2.00. An eskimo boy in 1750, with Russians and sea-otters.

Sheker's Lucky Piece. Lucile McDonald. Illustrated by Weda Yap. Oxford. $1.75. A Turkish girl.

The Least One. Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Leo Politi. Viking. $2.00. A Mexican boy whom Saint Francis helps to find his burro.

Hector, the Old Clothes Collector. Edward Ernest. Illustrated by Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $1.50. A singing rag man with a monkey and a horse and a young friend.

Tag-Along Tooloo. Frances Clark Sayers. Illustrated by Helen Sewell. Viking. $1.50. Childhood in Texas not too long ago.

A Tree for Peter. Kate Seredy. Viking. $2.00. Shantytown is put in order in touching and sentimental fashion.

Franzi and Gizi. Margery Bianco and Gisella Loeffler. Messner. $2.00. A day in the forest.

Tom, Dick and Jerry. Edward W. Mammem. Illustrated by Jessie Robinson. Harper. $1.00. A visit to Aunt Jenny in the country.

The Melforts Go to Sea. Geraldine Pederson-Krag. Illustrated by Gregor Duncan. Holiday. $2.00. A long sea trip from Australia to England in 1855, based on fact.

Augustus and the Mountains. Le Grand. Bobbs. $1.75. This year's Augustus item.

It's a Secret. Babette Deutsch. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. Harper. $1.50. A lone American boy is joined by a refugee English lad, and gets some presents.

Thank You Twice. Caroline and Eddie Bell. Edited by Alden Hatch. Harcourt. $1.00. Large pieces of this appeared in *Life*. It is an account by two English children sent to America, of what happened to them, and how they like it.

My Father Is a Quiet Man. Tommy Wadleton. Illustrated by Carl Critz. Coward. $1.50. The young author of "My Mother Is a Violent Woman" has written its natural sequel. It seems to me more likely to amuse parents than children, but it will have its charms for the younger element, too. Evidently the Wadletons are Catholics, judging from the account of their marriage.

Ghosts That Still Walk. Marion Lowndes. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Knopf. $1.50. Sixteen brief accounts of American ghosts. Simply told, and like all matter on the subject, having a considerable power to hold the reader.

The Three Sneezes. Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. $2.00. Stories of Switzerland.

Paul Bunyan. Esther Shephard. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Harcourt. $2.50. A new edition of an old favorite.

A Christmas Carol. Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Philip Reed. Holiday. $2.00. Beautifully illustrated and altogether charming little edition of a classic. No better buy this year. And a good volume with which to implant the love of fine books.

Jory's Cove. Clare Bice. Macmillan. $2.00. A story of Nova Scotia and boats and fishing people.

Elin's Amerika. Marguerite deAngeli. Doubleday. $2.00. A little Swedish girl in the Delawares, 1648.

Leif the Lucky. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $2.00. A good adventure story of a little boy who sailed with his father to Greenland many centuries ago.

Paddle-to-the-Sea. Holling Clancy Holling. Houghton. $2.00. This is one of the most interesting of the year's crop; a little carved Indian in a carved canoe takes a long trip from the middle of the continent to the sea.

Riddles

Guess Again. Aileen L. Fisher. McBride. $1.50. More than 70 rhymed riddles, mostly based on letters and numbers, and very cleverly done. Answers, of course, at the back.

The Guess Book. Charles G. Shaw. Scott. $1.00. Very, very simple picture riddles. Especially for city children.

Who's Zoo in the Garden? Charles Palmer, Jean-Marie Putnam, Lynette Arouni. Greystone. $1.50. A lot of ingenuity went into concocting this. The basis is an assortment of common flowers, trees, shrubs. For each one there is a drawing of an animal and a charade in verse—then, overleaf, a portrait of the plant to be guessed and a one-page essay thereon. Good for adults who like the vegetable kingdom, and a good introduction to the subject for intelligent kids.

Religious

A Bible ABC. Grace Allen Hogarth. Stokes. $1.00. This little volume comes in an "imprimatur edition," and is a good simple introduction to the Bible for very young folk; each letter has a Bible reference enabling the parent to supplement the brief text given.

The New Illustrated Book of Favorite Hymns. Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Garden City. Music (very simple) and appealing illustrations in full color for 27 popular hymns. A few are traditionally Protestant; most are also used by Catholics. Certainly nothing in the volume would be likely to arouse controversy.

Legends of the Christ Child. Frances Margaret Fox. Illustrated by Mildred Elgin. Sheed and Ward. $1.50. It was a splendid idea to gather some of the loveliest of the apocryphal legends of Christ's birth in a slim handy volume, retelling them for children of our own day. For their beauty reflects the Christian spirit if not the historical truth.

The Man Who Dared a King. Gerald T. Brennan. Bruce. $.85. Father Brennan tells the life of Saint John Fisher (Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal). The story is well told, in utter blacks and whites, as is perhaps the wisest for the young, though I'm not sure this saint fits such readers as well as many another.

A Child's Book of Prayers. Selected by Louise Raymond. Illustrated by Masha. Random. $1.50. The selection is broad in its range, but is more intended for Protestants than Catholics. The authorship ranges from Francis Thompson to Martin Luther. The pictures are plenty sweet.

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National Defense

Fighting Ships of the USA. Victor F. Blakeslee. Illustrated by Charles Rosner. Random. $1.00. Life in the navy; its ships; its auxiliaries. Illustrated with photographs as well as drawings.

War in the Air. John B. Walker. Illustrated by Barry Bart. Random. $1.00. Planes, bombs, flyers, war in the air.

All American Aircraft. Ernest K. Gann. Crowell. $2.00. The author describes all the principal types of plane now being produced in America. Full details and thoroughly illustrated. Will fascinate older boys—and girls too.

Guardians of America. Thomas Penfield. Rand McNally. $1.00. Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

Anthologies

Favorite Nursery Songs. Arranged by Inez Bertail. Illustrated by Pelagie Doane. Random. $.50. Twenty-five old favorites pleasantly dished up.

Lullabies of Many Lands. Collected and arranged by Dorothy Berliner Commins. Illustrated by Nellie Farnam. Harper. $1.50. From Chile to China—16 lullabies with the original words, English translations and arrangements for piano accompaniment. All of the melodies are lovely.

Stars to Steer by. Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. Harcourt. $2.50. An anthology with "intimate talks" about the poems and footnotes to explain the harder words. Plenty of variety and a sound selection.

Merry Meet Again. Elizabeth Hough Sechrist. Illustrated by Guy Fry. Macrae-Smith. $1.50. An anthology of easy and short poems especially selected for children to recite.

The Real Mother Goose. Blanche Fisher Wright. Rand McNally. $2.00. Celebrating its 25th anniversary.

Biography and Such

Word Pictures of the Great. Derricotte-Turner-Roy. Associated. $1.50. Here are a group of short biographies of great Negroes, meant especially for Negro children. I suggest that a few White children might also hear about these men and women. It would do no harm. The illustrations are unfortunate.

Stephen Foster and His Little Dog Tray. Opal Wheeler. Illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. Dutton. $2.00. Another of Miss Wheeler's happy short biographies of a musical figure. Again she includes in her text representative compositions to be played as you read the book—and to be sung, too. Also included are one or two spirituals.

Curtain Calls for Franz Schubert. Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher. Illustrated by Mary Greenwalt. Dutton. $2.00. Another in a popular series (Haydn, Bach, Mozart already published). A selection of Schubert music is used with text by the authors to make a playlet for children the purpose of which is to acquaint them with the composer's early life.

Young Edgar Allen Poe. Laura Benét. Illustrated by George Gillett Whitney. Dodd. $2.50.

Knight of the Revolution. Sidney W. Dean. Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee. Macrae. $2.50. Francis Marion.

Ben Franklin, Printer's Boy. Augusta Stevenson. Illustrated by Paul Laune. Bobbs. $1.25.

Indian Captive. Lois Lenski. Stokes. $2.00. Mary Jemison; Indian days in eastern Pennsylvania.

Stefansson. Earl P. Hanson. Photographs. Harper. $2.50.

Richard Wagner. Gladys Burch. Illustrated by Robert Ball. Holt. $2.75.

Walt Whitman. Babette Deutsch. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. Messner. $2.50.

Poor Richard. James Daugherty. Viking. $2.50. Benjamin Franklin.

Isabella, Young Queen of Spain. Mildred Criss. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Dodd. $2.50.

Knight of the Sea. Corinne Lowe. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Harcourt. $2.50. Stephen Decatur.

The Shoemaker's Son. Constance Buel Burnett. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Random. $2.50. Hans Christian Andersen.

Unfinished Symphony. Madeleine Goss. Illustrated by Karl M. Schultheiss. Holt. $2.50. Franz Schubert.

Narcissa Whitman, Pioneer of Oregon. Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. Harcourt. $2.50.

He Wouldn't Be King. Nina Brown Baker. Illustrated by Camilo Egas. Vanguard. $2.50. Simón Bolívar.

History

The Matchlock Gun. Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Paul Lantz. Dodd. $2.00. A true story in the author's favorite locale in the year 1756. Excellent.

America Was Like This. Emma Gelders Sterne. Illustrated by Oscar Ogg. Dodd. $2.00. A revivifying of history by telling it in a series of stories of things that happened through the centuries to young Americans. A good idea well carried out.

Broad Stripes and Bright Stars. Beatrice B. Grover. Greystone. $1.00. An extremely simple account of the origin of the US, its flag, the *Star Spangled Banner*. Simple enough for four and five-year-olds. Pleasantly illustrated.

The Story of the Other America. Richard C. Gill and Helen Hoke. Illustrated by Manuel Rivera Regalado. Houghton. $2.00. We are very Pan-American these days.

How Things Work

How Things Work. Creighton Peet. Holt. $2.00. Major physical phenomena and their mechanical application—expansion, water, static, friction, etc.—illustrated with excellent photographs. Well done.

The Boys' Book of Magnetism. Raymond F. Yates. Harper. $2.00. Tricks, games with magnets, and then some practical work with electro-magnets. Photos.

How to Sew. Nina R. Jordan. Harcourt. $2.00. Simple and excellent for any girl who wants to learn.

Let's Make Something. Harry Zarchy. Knopf. $1.50. From sandal clogs to noodle jewelry—things of metal, plaster, wood, glass, paper. Useful for rainy days.

Fun on Children's Street. Maud Lindsay. Illustrated by Marion Downer. Lothrop. $2.00. Things for children to do.

A Book of Garden Flowers. Margaret McKenny and Edith F. Johnston. Macmillan. $2.00. An excellent and beautifully illustrated introduction. Companion to "A Book of Wild Flowers."

An Introduction to Television. Clarence J. Hylander and Robert Harding, Jr. Macmillan. $1.75.

A Few Junior Novels

Sing for Your Supper. Lenora Mattingly Weber. Illustrated by Nina MacKnight. Crowell. $2.00.

World Series. John R. Tunis. Illustrated by J. Hyde Barnum. Harcourt. $2.00.

Blueberry Mountain. Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Harcourt. $2.00.

Mountain Mystery. Maristan Chapman. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Appleton. $2.00.

Wings of Courage. Girl Scout Stories selected by Wilhelmina Harper. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. Appleton. $2.50.

Nicholas Arnold, Toolmaker. Marion Lansing. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Doubleday. $2.00. National Defense in 1789.

Lake of Gold. John Buchan. Illustrated tby S. Levinson. Houghton. $2.00. A really excellent story, introducing older boys to Canadian history.

→ *Important*: Traffic Lights. Mary Kiely. Pro Parvulis Book Club. $.50 ($35.00 per 100 copies). A very fine Catholic guide to the whole matter of children's reading, full of the soundest sense, with fine book lists, and a minimum of things I disagree with. Excellent.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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The Ways of Providence

Christianity and history and problems of our day.

***By* Luigi Sturzo**

A GOOD many times I have heard it said "what we desire is that these two totalitarian giants, Soviet Russia and nazi Germany, destroy each other, thus putting an end to both their systems, communism and nazism."

I do not think the idea just, nor do I believe the desire Christian. I do not see a possibility of reciprocal destruction nor do I think this to be the proper means of eliminating nazism and communism; I feel fully the horror of the holocaust of millions of young lives on both sides if this end is to be attained. Even if all these young men be convinced nazis and communists, which I very much doubt, they are men like us, have souls like ours, their death must sadden us as men and as Christians. Faced with such a gigantic tragedy, it seems to be our duty to meditate with humility, and with deep compassion for the ills which afflict the warring nations, on the ways of Providence and on the means offered us who still enjoy relative peace and freedom to cooperate somehow with Its designs.

* * *

We shall never be able to understand the ways of Providence unless we start from the incontrovertible principle that God, permitting evil to happen (because He respects our free will), causes good to spring from it for those who hearken to His voice and fulfill His will.

Our position with regard to wars, economic crises, collective apostasies of classes and of nations, therefore becomes clear: acknowledge that Providence has placed us amidst the evils of this world so that each of us, in his place, with the means at his disposal and his own energies and activities, alone and in cooperation with others, should make his own contribution to alleviate physical and moral ills, to retard their diffusion, to derive from them all possible good. And this is all.

Before Jesus ascended to Heaven, the apostles asked him: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" And Jesus answered: "It is not for you to know the times or dates which the Father has fixed by his own authority; but you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you shall be witnesses for me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the very ends of the earth." What the apostles were asking was on a temporal plane (the kingdom of Israel), and bears its resemblance to the question: "When will Hitler's or Stalin's dominion end?" or rather: "When will nazism and Bolshevist communism and a hundred other 'isms' end?"

The answer which Jesus gave, or a saint or even the humblest of Christians would give, is identical: the time is in the hands of God and it is useless for us to know it in advance, nay, it is better that we should not know it. Therefore if we believe that nazism and communism are social evils (and indeed they are), we shall work to prevent their spreading, to reduce their capacity for evil and to help repair their noxious consequences. In this way we shall render witness to Jesus Christ, for every effort and every efficacious desire for good moved by the spirit of faith belongs to the supernaturalness of grace. The fact that we know nothing about the future must induce us to work even harder for the good we are longing to attain. Our selfish pride, the desire for human satisfactions can make the success or defeat of our efforts a difficult matter; yet, with or without success, our Christian position remains unchanged. When Saint Peter underwent his martyrdom, he could not, unless by divine revelation, see the end of persecutions and the time when the Church would be able to establish itself peacefully in Rome. The same is happening to all who work, in a small or in a big way, in a spirit of faith to create what we call *history*.

* * *

Such a vision of history, based upon our faith, does not excuse us from using all human means in our power (provided they be honest and licit) so that what we believe to be social evil may be eliminated, or reduced in scope, or corrected, or transformed into something good. It is needless to say that immoral means annul the projected good, bring about additional evil. One hears the foolish statement repeated in certain quarters today that there are Catholics who admit that the end justifies the means. All Catholics, as such, repudiate this theory, which is even more dangerous than the evil one is anxious to fight.

Adequate means are also necessary, and a search for such means is often so difficult that

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many lose heart halfway and proclaim themselves satisfied with such a naïve (not to put it more strongly) affirmation as the one quoted above: "Let nazism and communism destroy each other and we shall be happy." These people look at events as though in a theater, with themselves in the rôle of spectators. This is wrong; for we must all be active and must not refuse to take our proper place in the struggle; otherwise we shall bear witness to Jesus Christ altogether too cheaply.

In one of the beautiful churches in the heart of Paris a preacher was speaking with a good deal of efficacy against communism, demonstrating its descent from liberalism, its relationship to democracy, describing with lurid touches its effect upon the working classes, which had become materialistic and revolutionary. Not to touch upon the question of whether such a sermon be opportune in connection with a liturgical celebration, we observe that the congregation belonged to the world of fashion. This elegant world of the artisocracy and rich bourgeoisie must have felt happy at the thought of indicting the masses as responsible for all the evils threatening the France of Saint Joan of Arc and of Saint Louis. Those were the days when all Paris was troubled by strikes.

But upon another, somewhat earlier, occasion I had found myself in a church of the faubourgs of Paris, built perhaps thirty years ago, where, in the beginning, the now deceased priest could get only a few women into his church. He had started his activity with charitable works, had created cooperatives and workers' leagues, had instituted playgrounds and nursery schools, and those terrible communists of his parish gradually had become convinced of the fact that the parish priest was their friend, and so they loved him; and workingmen and women flocked to his sermons and asked his advice on the many difficult questions which troubled their lives.

Sometimes, somewhere, beautiful speeches are heeded, but more often works imbued with the spirit of charity. Thus we cooperate with Providence. From afar we today admire and exalt bishops and priests, religious and laity, Germans, Poles, French, Belgians, Dutch, and many others who now face difficult situations with Christian courage at the very risk of life and freedom. Their every act, today, is a homage to God and a seed of good in their own countries. Why not have faith and believe that they are doing more good than others are committing evil? And that the good that they do will last much longer than the evil committed by others?

* * *

Roosevelt and Churchill have proclaimed the eight points upon which to build a moral political world order after the final destruction of nazi tyranny. Of course such destruction (and the subsequent new order) will depend upon the outcome of the war now being fought between Great Britain and her allies with the help of America on the one hand, and Germany and her slave countries on the other. The war can have but three solutions: a British victory, a German victory, a peace more or less of compromise. Not to discuss the probabilities of one or the other of the three solutions, nazi tyranny could end politically only in the first instance; but let us not delude ourselves that in this case nazism would be over.

The same we shall have to say of Bolshevist communism. If Russia resists, communism will be psychologically strengthened owing to the defense of the fatherland against the invader. If, on the other hand, Russia is partly conquered and a new pro-nazi régime created, in that case, too, the war for the independence of Russia will be conducted in the name of communism. Popular ideals have some *raison d'être* of their own so that they disintegrate with difficulty and never through the use of force. I might appear a pessimist and certainly I would be were I not to shift soon from a horizon limited by the use of force to one of moral values, from the spirit of violence to that of human solidarity.

* * *

It has often been said that the present war is only an egoistical struggle of two rival imperialisms; this I have heard repeated in good faith, both by pious people and by business men. Their naïveté is often due to prejudice or to superficiality. They do not see that beneath economic interests are to be found political interests and that beneath political interests we will at length discover moral and religious values.

Our whole civilization is at stake in the struggle initiated by nazism for thirst of dominion and because of its subversion of moral values: the master race, the right of force, the contempt of Christian virtues and of every moral principle—all this shows a rupture of social solidarity, a wound which cannot be healed. For this reason we say that the sword, the gun and the bomb will never solve any of the modern social and political problems today made worse by war. Only the reaffirmation of the principles of Christian ethics and complete adherence to them will—not transform a world into a new Eden, for evil somehow will be always with us—but lead to a stable order and give us a straight conscience.

* * *

Marxism developed amidst the workers of big industry in the second half of the past century. But what was then the situation of the workers? Extremely bad from every point of view. And

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what were the men of government, the men of the Church, the wealthy classes doing for these pariahs of industrial society? Practically nothing. Only about 1870 did people begin to comprehend that there was an inescapable moral and social duty toward these workers, and in general toward all workers. We have in Cardinal Gibbons in the United States and in Cardinal Manning in England the names of great pioneers of the Christian social movement. Leo XIII will remain for all the "Workers' Pope." The names of Léon Harmel in France, of Toniolo in Italy, of Ketteler in Germany, of Pottier in Belgium, of De Courtins in Switzerland, of Schaepman in Holland will remain in history. But how many were the Catholics who fought Christian syndicates as if they were dangerous novelties and who denounced Christian democracy as a heresy? The consequence was that the little done by Catholics at the issuance of the *Rerum Novarum* could never satisfy the needs of the working classes drawn toward religious apostasy, nor could it offer a sane and adequate remedy for the economic needs brought about by an excessive capitalism.

Perhaps no one among my readers knows of the intrigue carried on by the French government of that time to induce the Holy See to condemn the Christian (Catholic) syndicates of Germany, which, in order to meet the Marxian socialist syndicates, were tending toward an agreement with the Protestants. The French government was working through clever people who had persuaded some good priest to bring pressure to bear on the Vatican. But neither the Vatican nor the priests ever considered that the defenders of Catholicism in Germany were the anti-clericals of France. To leave aside the particular question involved, which was solved in various ways, what Paris then wanted was a Marxist Germany in order to weaken the imperialism of Bismarck first and of Wilhelm later. The Christian syndicates (both Catholic and Protestant) were a barrier against Marxism and for this reason were to be destroyed. For it is well known that in Paris before the Great War much reliance was placed on the hope that the socialists would refuse to support the war.

What Paris did not succeed in doing with reference to Germany, Germany succeeded in doing with reference to Russia. Thus Lenin's return to Russia in 1917 to bring about the Marxist ("Bolshevist") revolution was facilitated in every way. This is what bourgeois society considered as its goal: the use of Marxism as merchandise for political export, and as a harbinger of war and revolution in enemy countries. The thought did not dawn upon them that that very weapon would be used in the end against this same bourgeoisie. And it was indeed this very same bourgeoisie which after the war appealed to fascism and nazism and to the totalitarianisms of the Right in order to crush working class communism.

When we say that the working classes and the youth have deserted Christianity, we are stating a very sad truth. But we forget to add that little has been done for the workers and for the youth; and with reference to the *Action Française* and to nazism we must add that, either when they were under ban or afterwards, although their principles were openly anti-Christian, there never was a lack of Catholic newspapers and journals, writers and speakers, teachers in both men's and women's colleges, who were (and some of them still are) in favor of the *Action Française* and in favor of nazism.

* * *

We must not live in the expectation that to remedy the wrongs of this earth Providence will perform miracles and permit us to wallow in indolence. Among the ways of Providence the chief one is the sacrifice of good men for evil men, a sacrifice which links us to the Sacrifice of Golgotha whence redemption derives and will always operate. When a sacrifice in the spirit of love has been made, God knows how to use even human means to the edification of good.

War is a human means and represents a sacrifice of lives for a certain good, not the one willed by the belligerents but that which will flow from it, owing to the wills of those who seek true good, that which God approves, directs and fecundates.

Let us look forward to the fall of nazism; but even if that fall should not come about, the false principles which are responsible for this war will have to fall. The very same sacrifice of millions of nazis will provoke the healthy reaction. It will be the good Christians in Germany and in all the world who through their works and their sacrifices will orient such reaction not toward a new perversion but toward a moral order based upon solidarity and universal love. The Russo-German war, which Russia did not want and which was not foreseen by anybody, under the present circumstances will psychologically tend to consolidate communist ideals among Russian workers and among the workers of other countries. This is something which may have important consequences. It is certain that the Russians by withstanding aggression with such generosity of sacrifice have not only fulfilled the duty of defending their own fatherland and their own personality (and every act in fulfillment of duty is good), but have also broken the magic ring which isolated them from the rest of the world.

What will naturally have to take place as the effect of certain causes, even if they are neither willed nor desired, enters into the realm of Providence. And if we shall succeed in finding the good aspects of what is happening and in deriving

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some profit from the events, we, too, shall enter into the sphere of real facts as preordained or permitted from above.

Czarist Russia was always closed. Only some parts of the aristocracy, of the court and of culture yielded during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to three external influences coming from the Occident; those of the Encyclopedia, of Italian art and of the Jesuits. But the lack of a stable social equilibrium led even the great Russian geniuses into political, intellectual and moral anarchism.

Bolshevism having shut the doors of the world even in the economic field and having limited the outside contacts to a few functionaries, deprived Russia of the possibility of evolution, except from within and with regard to Bolshevik affairs. But now with the war on, true alliances and real cooperation have become necessary. Some revision of the Russian economic system will be required both in order to carry on the war and for post-war reconstruction. With her neighbors, Poles, Baltic countries, Czechs, Rumanians and Turks, not only a policy of friendship but a practical understanding of good fellowship will have to be revived. Practical problems of the aftermath will be of insuperable greatness and difficulty if Russia should persist in her isolation of yesterday. I will but mention the famine of 1920 and the following years. The very fact that the Polish army now ready to fight in Russia has been left free to organize its Catholic cult will not fail to exert a certain influence on Russian soldiers. It should furthermore be noted that on September 24 the Russian representative in London, together with those of the other allies, underwrote the Atlantic Charter. For all our tendency to doubt that such an adherence really means acceptance of the principles which inspire that document (principles which are in contradiction to the soviet system), nevertheless today's realities are such as to impose on the Russians a moral and political reorientation. But another step will be required of Russia, a step which we must hasten with our prayers, namely that the Russians be given full religious freedom. We believe that that is one of the things to come which God has determined in His power.

Then even the pro-Russian (I am not saying communist) workers who are so numerous in Europe and in America and became interested in the present war more because Russia had been attacked than because Christian civilization was endangered—these workers who already enjoy religious freedom without caring much for it—will have to admit that Russia in civil and religious freedom will have found the way to salvation. And while the old civilization of our countries has not up to now made any deep impression on their religious conscience, when they will learn how many obscure sacrifices the Russian workers and peasants have had to undergo in these many years of the dominion of the godless in order to maintain Christian tradition for their sons—then our workers, too, will be touched in their hearts.

Then perhaps someone will remember the mission sent by Pius XI to the Bolshevik delegation at the international conference of Genoa in May, 1922, to ask Chicherin and his comrades for religious freedom for all. The mission did not lead to any positive results; some criticized Pius XI and others ridiculed ecclesiastical pomp. But the Pope's action was important and historic. I remember that the same Chicherin told me, when he received me a few days later, how much he had been moved, the more so since the Pope could easily have foreseen the outcome of his démarche.

And tomorrow when, as we hope, those Benedictines, Dominicans, Jesuits and other members of religious orders, who have been preparing for years by means of special study for the understanding of Russia's religious problems, will be enabled to go there under the shield of freedom, we will remember two Popes, Benedict and Pius, who anticipated that day and made preparations for it with the Russicum Institute of Rome, and with other institutes in Belgium and France. Then better than today will we understand the ways of Providence.

Toward Vega

This darkness, cold and clear and crystalline,
Is part and parcel of perpetual night
Through which we corkscrew toward the cobalt shine
Of Vega—always moving, never quite
Arriving anywhere in stellar space
To stay until our lips may frame the phrase
"Here we are," for we forever trace
A long trajectory of nights and days . . .
Never ending . . . never halting. Night
Is now . . . tomorrow shall be day . . . forever
Shall be forward with our sun toward bright
Eternity. Strange that we may never
Say, "This place is Lyra. Here we are
Nextdoor to Vega," after going so far.
Here we are! The date is such and such:
This certain night, specific month and year,
Are astronomically right, but just how much
Of knowledge do they give? Yet, we are here,
Enslaved forever to our tyrant sun,
While Earth's round will controls the servile moon,
But nothing seems to end which is begun,
While suns and men are dancing to a tune
Not theirs to pitch, much less to disobey.
So sing a song of sixpence as we travel,
Twelve miles a second, starry night and day,
Through frigid time and meteoric gravel
Without arriving anywhere in space
Where we, relaxing, say, "This is the place."

HARRY ELMORE HURD.

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China's Industrial Cooperatives

A report of progress and of how it happened.

By **Delbert Johnson**

INDUSTRIAL cooperation in China, which was no more than a paper plan three years ago, today is a nation-wide movement that has cast a blight upon Japan's economic aspirations in Asia and is providing the people of China with a new means of salvation against foreign aggression.

The plan for the Indusco movement came into being during the dark days of the spring and summer of 1938. By this time the Japanese had destroyed or taken over 90 percent of China's modern seaboard industries; 60,000,000 refugees had been driven from their homes into the undeveloped interior, and a Japanese blockade now cut China off from direct access to the sea. Seemingly China was doomed to economic strangulation if not to military defeat.

But a handful of Chinese and foreign "visionaries" thought otherwise. They understood China's deep-rooted powers of resistance. They knew that time, area and population all would work to China's advantage in any prolonged struggle. With these factors in mind they worked out a scheme of industrial reconstruction and refugee rehabilitation that today forms the working outline of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives.

The plan called for the development of a widespread system of small-scale, cooperative workshops scattered throughout the interior of free China. These "vest pocket" industries would have three functions: first, to provide productive jobs for refugees. Secondly, to create new supplies of consumer, medical and military goods. And, finally, to erect an economic wall against the traffic in Japanese smuggled goods.

In two and one-half years, Chinese Industrial Cooperatives have grown from a word picture to an industrial organization comprising 2,000 cooperative workshops throughout 18 provinces of free China. They give employment to 80,000 workers, and indirectly provide a livelihood for about 1,000,000 formerly destitute refugees. They produce over 200 different commodities, and on the basis of a total capitalization of slightly more than $500,000, each month produce more than $1,000,000 worth of manufactured goods.

Some conception of the rapidity of C.I.C. growth can be gained by comparing these figures with those quoted in Mr. Edgar Snow's article, "China's Blitzbuilder, Rewi Alley," which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* on February 8, 1941. Although the number of workshops has been reduced from around 2,400 to 2,000, due largely to consolidations, about 1,000,000 people are now dependent upon the C.I.C. as compared with 250,000 reported in February. In addition, Mr. Snow's report of an annual production value of Ch.$150,000,000 has now been increased to Ch.$240,000,000, or about US$12,000,000.

But all this is only a beginning. According to those closely allied with the movement, 30,000 workshops are needed to buttress China's economic defenses, and pave the way for China's democratic future.

What made for success

Four factors have contributed to the unprecedented success of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. Dr. H. H. Kung, China's imaginative and deeply patriotic Finance Minister, obtained financial backing for the risky experiment; Rewi Alley, a New Zealand engineer, developed the initial idea and put his crusading heart into the task of teaching it to the people; a group of American-educated Chinese technicians threw up their better paying jobs in private industry and went into the interior to develop a new technology from scratch; and tens of thousands of the common people caught on the idea of cooperative production and labored to make it work.

Dr. H. H. Kung, Finance Minister and concurrently President of C.I.C., is the husband of one of the three famous Soong Sisters, and brother-in-law of the Generalissimo. Without his aid and protection, the industrial cooperative movement would have died a-borning. It was he who supplied the first loan ear-marked for the development of the cooperatives, and it is he who has protected the growing movement from encroachments by political factions. As a firm believer in democracy, Dr. Kung has endorsed the cooperatives' non-political and non-partisan rôle.

One of Dr. Kung's long-cherished dreams has been the building up of village industries. In the early days of the movement he said, "Through this movement not only China's economic resources will be mobilized to offset the loss of the occupied areas, but also a foundation will be laid

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for the new economic order of the future, more consonant with Chinese life and free from the evils which inevitably accompany the industrialization of the accepted pattern."

Closely working with Dr. Kung is Rewi Alley, who has been described as the Lawrence of China. Alley was born in the small town of Springfield, Canterbury, New Zealand, on December 2, 1897. His father was a versatile pioneer who combined farming with energetic excursions into teaching, science, progressive legislation and rural cooperation. Alley's mother was an early exponent of the women's suffrage movement. From both parents Alley inherited English-Irish traits of tolerance, sympathy for the under-dog and progressive idealism. Named after Rewi Te Manipoto, a native Maori chieftain, Alley also seems to have been inspired by the aborigine's courage and resourcefulness.

When World War I broke out, Alley, at the age of 17, enlisted with the Anzacs. His brother, who signed up at the same time, was killed in France. Alley was wounded and twice gassed in the heavy fighting at Ypres in 1917. Later, he was decorated by the Prince of Wales for bravery in action.

Returning to New Zealand after the war, Alley took up sheep-raising; but when a depression ruined the wool market, he left the ranch in charge of his partner, and set out for China "to see what it was all about."

Rewi Alley goes to China

Working his way up the China coast as a wireless man on a tramp steamer, Alley arrived in Shanghai during the troublesome spring of 1927, the period of the Kuomintang revolution. Within a few months Alley secured a position with the Shanghai Municipal Council, first as factory inspector for the Shanghai Fire Brigade, and later as Chief Factory Inspector of the Council's Industrial Department. He held this position until June, 1938, when the Chinese Government, at the suggestion of the British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, released him for work with Chinese Industrial Cooperatives as Chief Technical Advisor.

During his eleven years as Chief Factory Inspector, Alley strove to improve conditions in the notorious Shanghai sweatshops. He took a trip to London, Berlin, Paris and New York to study progressive systems of industrial relations, but upon his return to China Alley discovered that though he could ameliorate some of the most offending conditions, he could not institute a wholesale reform.

When the Japanese finished bombing Chapei, Shanghai's industrial section, all that was left of the city's former large-scale industries was a smoldering heap of twisted steel and ashes. The

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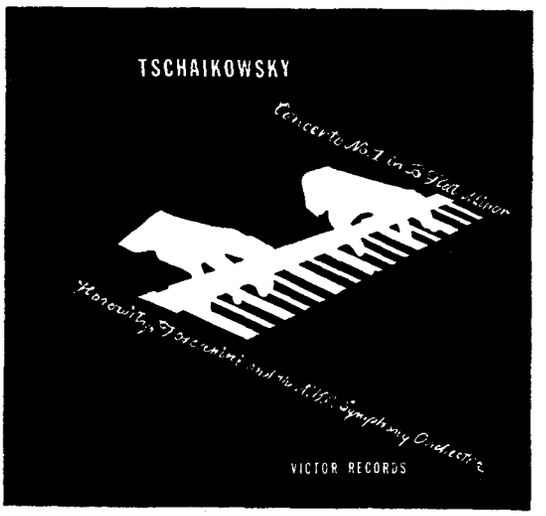

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same thing happened in almost every other manufacturing center along the coast.

Shanghai gone

Surveying the loss, Dr. Kung, Alley and their friends realized that from now on China would have to decentralize her industries and carefully conceal them from air attack. Many of them would have to be mobile, and some would have to be located behind enemy lines, since the more than 2,000 mile "front" was largely a guerrilla area in which rival forces constantly advanced and retreated over wide areas.

The scarcity of private risk capital also convinced them that a new type of financing would have to underwrite any new program of industrial reconstruction. By putting these various factors together, the idea of a decentralized system of small-scale cooperative industries was evolved.

On the basis of a small government grant, made possible by Dr. Kung, a few experimental projects were undertaken under the guidance of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives.

The first cooperative workshop was typical of the hundreds that soon followed. It was located at a railroad terminus in the refugee city of Paochi. It was made up of nine refugee iron workers, all of whom had escaped with their families from what was now Japanese occupied territory, but none of whom had been able to salvage enough tools or sufficient capital to set up an independent workshop.

The nine workmen organized their cooperative workshop along the lines of a model C.I.C. charter. They formed a cooperative society which then borrowed enough initial capital from the C.I.C. revolving fund to pay for equipment and a workshop. They then agreed to work together on a joint-ownership, self-management basis, and to sell their goods on the open market. Once their unit was in operation, they paid themselves standard wages, and at the end of the year distributed net profits to a reserve fund, welfare and educational funds, and about 10 percent to dividends.

The present status

Today the industrial cooperative movement is engaged in about 200 different lines of manufacture. Among items produced are clothing, shoes, blankets, soap, porcelain, leather goods, chemical products, medical goods, machinery, power equipment, minerals, transport facilities and military matériel. Textile manufacture accounts for more than one-half of C.I.C. production. Next in order of output are chemical industries, small-scale machine building, mining, food stuffs production and transports.

The C.I.C. also has developed a social, though non-political, character. Its varied educational program, in addition to teaching trades, covers such subjects as hygiene, the social emancipation of women, cooperative outlook, and principles of democracy. The C.I.C. also has established clinics, gives special attention to the technological rehabilitation of war orphans and disabled soldiers, and maintains a vigorous educational campaign against the traffic in smuggled Japanese goods.

Although the movement still labors under the handicap of technological underdevelopment, considerable progress is being made by a group of Ford-trained Chinese engineers to improve production methods and build the kinds of machines that are needed. By means of a wide-spread system of workbench training, thousands of eager peasants and refugees are being taught new trades, and in general the lines of modernization have been laid out, with this one exception: China has bitterly learned the horror of mass production in urban centers—the sweatshops of Shanghai were among the world's worst—so from this point on every attempt will be made to keep the C.I.C. workshops small and decentralized, and located in small towns and villages, where, at least at present, their produce is most needed.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN THIS SPACE last week I passed on to readers the very important news that a "Center of Information Pro Deo" had been established in New York for the purpose of publishing the bulletins of this highly organized and extremely thorough and deeply experienced international news agency of Catholic Action, and that in two bulletins it was supplying most valuable and timely news and commentaries regarding the radical attack on our Christian religion and culture now being carried on by the German nazis.

From Bulletin 2 I quoted the brief but most revealing account given of what the leaders of Pro Deo termed the practical reasons for the initiation of their "belated struggle against nazism"—showing how even the wise and well informed authorities of the Church in Germany itself, after having at first discerned the peril of the nazi doctrine and methods, and after meeting it with determined opposition, and in many dioceses with outright condemnation, next came to terms with it under conditions that they hoped might be tolerable, and finally have been forced to recognize that all hopes of a sincere working arrangement with the nazis must be abandoned. From their close contact with both communism and nazism in many countries, the Pro Deo leaders have reached fundamental conclusions of the highest interest and of the utmost practical importance, which I shall briefly summarize in what follows:

First, Pro Deo states, "Nazism is much more dangerous

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for the normal classes of society than communism. Only those who have suffered so much from social injustice that they prefer any brutal change to the present situation believe the propaganda of the Soviet. The nazi propaganda, however, has a better chance with the masses, and even among the bourgeois. An intense pride about their nation in opposition to other nations is theirs, and they are therefore quickly convinced that the suppression of democratic parties must give unity, order and power to the nation.

This nationalism is a passion which is easily awakened in the soul and has profound roots. It does not seem opposed to religion—on the contrary, it seems to spring from the same source as religious idealism—and is absolutely different in that sense from Marxism. The great danger is hidden: it creates a habit of thought and feeling which practically reverses the hierarchy of values. The nation, unconsciously, becomes the first concern, and religion, acknowledged to be very reputable in so far as it does not touch politics, can attain its rights . . . afterwards."

That is to say, after the nation has been given the one-party nazi system of government, assisted in the process by Catholics who have been induced to accept the limited propaganda of nationalism, these Catholics then awaken—as so many of the German Catholics have done—to the reality of what nationalism really means when it is given absolute power. Many of the best leaders of the Pro Deo party in Germany have awakened to that realization in the concentration camps. Yet only those Catholic leaders in Germany, the bulletin informs us, who have penetrated to the truth of the nazi system, awaken even so late in the day. As the Pro Deo bulletin sadly tells us, after sympathy for and support of nazism have been spread among nationalistic Catholics, it is still "always possible to find proofs that Christianity is not really hindered by nazism; that only political clericalism which hindered souls has been destroyed.

"This attitude is still paramount in numerous young German Catholics, even in some young priests who have been interviewed during the last few years." No doubt Hitler's proud boast a few days ago in his beer hall speech, in which he ridiculed the accusation that the nazis are anti-religious and pointed to the hundreds of millions of marks which his government is still paying out for the support of the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, seems incontrovertible proof to those looking for deception of his claim to be the real champion of religion against godless communism.

Yet the vast sums paid out for the material support of the churches by the nazis might be charged off as part of nazis' most effective propaganda expenditure, while under cover of the exterior support and show of consideration for religion, "all real ties of religion with life are severed one after the other." . . . After more than four years of trying to make the concordat work, Pro Deo informs us, it is now certain that "it is culpably naïve to think that nazism can allow Christianity to develop, or even maintain any influence . . . it is clear that nazism cannot free Christianity without commiting suicide."

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Communications

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Long Beach, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In "Views and Reviews" for October 17 Michael Williams touched upon a point of prime importance for Catholics; to wit: "the opportunity the evil of our times presents for the general recognition . . . that at the bottom of all the world's great problems lies the problem of religion."

Is it un-American to feel that it would be far better for all the Churches to let the government decide the thorny question of to fight or not to fight, and concentrate, instead, on the formidable task of restoring religion to its proper functioning in education, the field closest to it and most feasible of reform?

There is much to be said for this dichotomy in the present emergency. It seems the most practicable way of carrying out Christ's command: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Perhaps THE COMMONWEAL could take the lead in acting more concretely on Berdyaev's suggestion that "our freedom will come not from whence we may expect it, but whence God sends it." VINCENT A. BROWN.

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New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It was good to hear mention of the name of Nicholas Berdyaev in your issue of October 17. Credit is due Michael Williams and his inquisitive mind for thinking of him at this time and in relation to the Russian religious question. Berdyaev is not a Catholic, or even, as I understand it, a completely conforming Orthodox; but neither is he a modernist or a Protestant. On the contrary, he is steeped in devotion to the fundamental Christian mysteries, and his love for Christ is so personal and intense that he might say with Dostoievsky: life without Him would be inconceivable. A free-lance philosopher, defying convenient classification, he is nevertheless a genuine mystic, in the exalted and histoirc tradition of the East, and though scarcely fit meat for children, adult Catholics of the Roman obedience could turn to him with profit for a heightened appreciation of their faith. I don't wish to wax any more rhapsodic than I have already or give those technical experts in every matter under the sun who are always bobbing up in letter columns a chance for too much fun at my expense, but fresh from a reading of "The Destiny of Man," and more particularly, "Freedom and the Spirit," I feel I can write down for Berdyaev what Matthew Arnold so magnificently said of Emerson: "A helper to those who would live in the spirit." But if Berdyaev is dangerous for some because of a temperamental lack of sympathy with ecclesiastical discipline and theological definitions, there is, as a companion piece, another Russian mystic of our day who was a converted Catholic and who brought his conception of a "Divine Humanity" along with him to Rome. I refer to Vladimer Solovyev, hailed in some quarters, though I don't quite see the resemblance myself, as the "Russian Newman."

Both Berdyaev and Solovyev are bold mariners on difficult seas of thought but they have much to offer a distressed world in that the social implications of their philosophy are simple and clear enough. And one wonders in this connection if Eastern, or Russian mysticism (typified, in part, by Berdyaev and Solevyev) with its vigorous speculative quality, might not prove more congenial to the re-awakened religious consciousness of America, where, Europe demolished, the future hopes of a reunited Christendom may be said to lie, than the more cautious but well formulated mysticsm of the West. Eastern mysticism may suffer from a certain diffuseness, but it engages the imagination because of its very daring as well as because of its supreme sense of charity and tender concern for the brotherhood of man. Though not oblivious to evil or to the terrors of the powers of darkness, it visions a fuller life on this planet for a redeemed humanity, aware of its cooperative mission in the Mystical Body of Christ.

L. M. R.

CLERGY POLL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your two articles on the clergy poll (October 31) supplemented one another in a vital way. They were evidently written from different viewpoints and, therefore, indicative of widely separated ideas

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as to our war attitude. P. B. questioned the propriety of a clergy poll on the matter of our entry into this war, while R. B. in an admirable factual analysis pointed out that replies came from only 38 percent of the priests whose opinions were solicited. My deduction from this last fact would be that the majority of the priests who were approached also thought the poll was not a desirable thing, and, regardless of their personal view on the matter, refused to allow their priestly position to be exploited. If this is more than mere wishful thinking, and I believe it is, we should derive a profound satisfaction from the clarity of mind and sense of position that this indicates. I may also add that this would be my view even though the results of the poll were very different and favored my own belief that there should be no limit to our aid, and war activity, in the effort to stop the nazi menace.

BARRY BYRNE.

CORRECTION: *In Claire Huchet Bishop's review of "The Scum of the Earth" by Arthur Koestler* (THE COMMONWEAL, *November 14*) *two unfortunate errors appeared. The first was to describe Le Vernet as a "forest" camp. The adjective should have been "foul." The second mistake appears in the sentence following, which should read as here given: "It is not disavowing the Revolution to state that France was not* born *in 1789."*

The Stage & Screen

Richard Dana Skinner

IN AN AGE when criticism in the theater is too often concerned with the personal likes of the critic, often, too, with the mere exploitation of that critic's personality, the example of Richard Dana Skinner should hearten those who love the theater for itself, as well as those who believe that it has a high moral and esthetic mission. Mr. Skinner was the first drama critic of THE COMMONWEAL, and the high tone of his reviews, his splendid judgment both as to plays and acting, have never been surpassed in American journalism. Mr. Skinner was in the highest sense a constructive critic, and both America and the Church itself may well be proud of him and of his contribution to the art of the theater. His sudden and most unexpected death has deprived us of his stimulating example, but his memory remains with us as a model of what criticism of the drama ought to be.

Blithe Spirit

WHATEVER you may *not* find in a Noel Coward comedy, you will always find skilful acting and impeccable workmanship. This is the case in his latest offering. You have Mildred Natwick as a comic medium, who proves herself again one of the most vital and, when she wants to be, most amusing of our actresses; Peggy Wood, always charming; Clifton Webb, who from a dancer has turned into one of the most expert of light

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comedians; Jacqueline Clark, a comic maid *par excellence;* and a young English actress, Leonora Corbett, who though for three acts a ghost, is so delightfully humorous, so good looking and so ingratiating that you don't wonder that Mr. Webb had not forgotten her. All these players play in the true Noel Coward vein, which means with grace, certitude and well bred impudence. In fact the only possible criticism is that Miss Wood and Mr. Webb are not always as distinct in their enunciation as might be wished. So much for the performance. I felt the play itself less satisfying. This doesn't mean that it is not enjoyable; it distinctly is. But despite its dialogue, which is fully up to Mr. Coward's standard, I came away with a feeling of frustration.

It would be useless at this late date to object to Mr. Coward's basic frivolity. It is a part of him, or at least of the society of which he usually writes. Once or twice he has taken a bigger canvas, and in one play, "Cavalcade," he has painted it successfully. But as a rule he has as a dramatist been a sort of later Oscar Wilde, giving amusing voice to the foibles of a frivolous and decadent world. In "Blithe Spirit" he writes of this world with his usual wit and his usual light-heartedness. The trouble is that this time he brings in the world beyond the grave, in the shape first of one ghost and then another. He does make the ghosts amusing, even, for an act or so, fascinating. But after a while we begin to ask for something more. To make death a joke doesn't bear extended treatment. A full length play dealing with death, even a three act comedy, must have in it more meat than Mr. Coward gives us. Before we are through with "Blithe Spirit," the ghosts of the two wives become so evanescent that they no longer interest. Frivolity is all very well as long as it is kept this side of the grave. (*At the Morosco.*)

Two Musicals

"LET'S FACE IT" has the music and lyrics of Cole Porter, which, if not Mr. Porter's best, are better than the average of musical comedy; it has Danny Kaye, who is a comedian of variety and originality, giving the two best numbers in the show, which are not by Mr. Porter but by Silvia Fine and Max Liebman; it has some pretty girls and some excellent dancing. It has, alas, also a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, which is quite unworthy of Mr. Porter, Mr. Kaye, Miss Fine or Liebman. Yet amid the dearth of good things on Broadway, "Let's Face It" will probably win its audiences. (*At the Imperial Theater.*)

"High Kickers" with George Jessel and Sophie Tucker is quite frankly a burlesque show. It is vulgar in many of its jokes, but Miss Tucker and Mr. Jessel are amusing, Betty Bruce a delightful dancer, and the chorus good to look upon. (*At the Broadhurst.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Oh Oh Oh Othello!

YOU can rely on one thing when the jealousy theme is emphasized in films: the man or woman who protests too much about never being jealous will wind up punching his rival in the nose or scratching her eyes out. The

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newest examples follow the pattern, but unfortunately sometimes forget to be entertaining while about it. In *"Appointment for Love"* Margaret Sullavan is an up and coming doctor without much time for love and marriage and such. Even after she marries Playwright Charles Boyer, a most persistent suitor who was piqued by the doctor's seeing through his plays, Dr. Margaret continues her "love in a test tube" ideas and refuses to be jealous of Charles' ex-flames who are still burning. Mr. and Mrs. maintain separate apartments, pursue their own lines of endeavor—but meet occasionally in passing. Charles is most unhappy about it all and hates to see their marriage busted before it is really tried. They get together finally of course when Margaret sees the other girl interfering. Some of this is funny, but most of it is on the dull side.

Barbara Stanwyck is a lady doctor too. However she appeals to the wealthy playboy, Henry Fonda, as a woman, not as a doctor. She is coldly scientific about love (Hmm, where have I heard that before?), and she resists Henry's advances. But you know that she'll marry him (which she does) and that she'll have to go on a case on their wedding night (which she does; Margaret Sullavan was called back to her hospital on her wedding night too). The main difference in *"You Belong to Me"* is that Fonda is very, very jealous (playing peek-a-boo like a one man Gestapo) and he admits it until he thinks he's cured—but he isn't. Wesley Ruggles realized that Dalton Trumbo's story didn't amount to much so he directed with painstaking slowness to give you a chance to laugh at lines, some of which are clever, but most strain too hard to be risqué. Miss Stanwyck handles herself well as the doctor; and Mr. Fonda turns on an effective sickly grin but overdoes the jealousy stuff and acts much too childish even for a filthy richster.

Don Ameche has never been one of my favorite stars, and Rosalind Russell has; so it is surprising to come to *"The Feminine Touch"* and discover Mr. Ameche doing pretty well by himself in his performance while stunning Miss Russell only grimaces in startling hats. Furthermore any film that has Kay Francis and Van Heflin in the supporting cast has no right to be dull. Perhaps Director W. S. Van Dyke quickly accepted the mediocre script, put his cast unimaginatively through their paces and called it a day. The screenplay hardly moves and is full of talk and pseudo-smart chatter. That publisher's tea and the "come-as-you-are party" wouldn't fool anybody with its phony sophisticates. Persuaded by his wife, Rosalind, Mr. Ameche tackles a New York publisher with his book called "Jealousy in All Its Aspects and Universal Applications." Publisher Heflin, who has a yen for Miss Russell, accepts the book and assigns the beautifully gowned Miss Francis to work with Ameche. The four people get mixed up; there's much conversation about going to the woods, but very little going—until the finale which gets absurdly farcical. And everyone talks too much about not being jealous. The plot exposes itself in one really clever scene in which our foursome glare foolishly at each other in a nightclub while a torch singer blares that old ditty, 'I'm jealous of the stars that shine above. . . ."

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The scope and quality of the leading articles in next week's issue are characteristic of the material which appears week after week in The Commonweal. They are indispensable for an understanding of the critical times in which we live.

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The Inner Forum

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY of Roland Park, Baltimore, Md., the oldest and largest seminary in the United States, is currently celebrating its 150th anniversary. Nearly one hundred members of the American hierarchy were present to participate in the three-day celebration, November 10 to 13. This is also the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the Society of St. Sulpice, which conducts that historic Baltimore seminary.

The Society was founded by Père Jean Jacques Olier, who was encouraged to become a priest by Saint Francis de Sales. As a student for the priesthood he also came under the guidance of Saint Vincent de Paul and gathered the poor and outcasts from the streets of Paris for religious instruction in his own home. After his ordination in 1633 he worked with Père de Condren of the Oratory, whose deepest aspiration was to found seminaries along the lines laid down at the Council of Trent. They formed the first Sulpician Seminary in 1641 at Vaugirard, a suburb of Paris, when Father Olier and two assistants took over the parish of St. Sulpice—then badly out of hand—and also established a small seminary. At the same time they sent out their seminarians to study at the Sorbonne to extend a Christian influence there by the power of personal example.

The extensive parish of St. Sulpice soon became a model for parochial life. It flourished in times of greatest hardship, supplying the necessities of life to hundreds of poor families, sheltered orphans, conducted schools for poor girls and rescued women from lives of sin. Within two years students in the seminary had enrolled from 20 different French dioceses, and after several years Sulpician seminaries were founded in several other French dioceses. The Sulpicians played a major role in the religious revival in France. Their work in America is no less important.

St. Mary's Seminary was founded by Father Francis Charles Nagot, three other priests and five students for the priesthood from the Sulpician Seminary at Issy, France. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the Sulpicians in educating priests for the United States. It is an order which devotes itself to the formation of other priests, an order whose members spend their entire lives in seminaries sharing the disciplines and recreation with the students. Even today, when seminaries are established throughout the land, the living alumni of St. Mary's Seminary in the priesthood number 2,800.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Don Luigi STURZO, born in Sicily, was one of the founders and leader of the Italian Popular Party; he has written many books and articles. His most important recent publication is "Church and State"; he is at present living in Florida.

Harry Elmore HURD is a Boston poet, author of "Mountains and Molehills" and "Possessions of a Sky Pilot." He is also co-author of "Christ in the Breadline."

Delbert JOHNSON is publicity director of Indusco, Inc., the American Committee in Aid of Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, an organization working to promote interest in and further the work of this great Chinese economic movement.

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